

March 30, 1945

## Copper Commando - vol. 3, no. 16

Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of Butte, Anaconda and Great Falls

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# Peace Is Worth Fighting For

## A STORY FROM COPPER COMMANDO

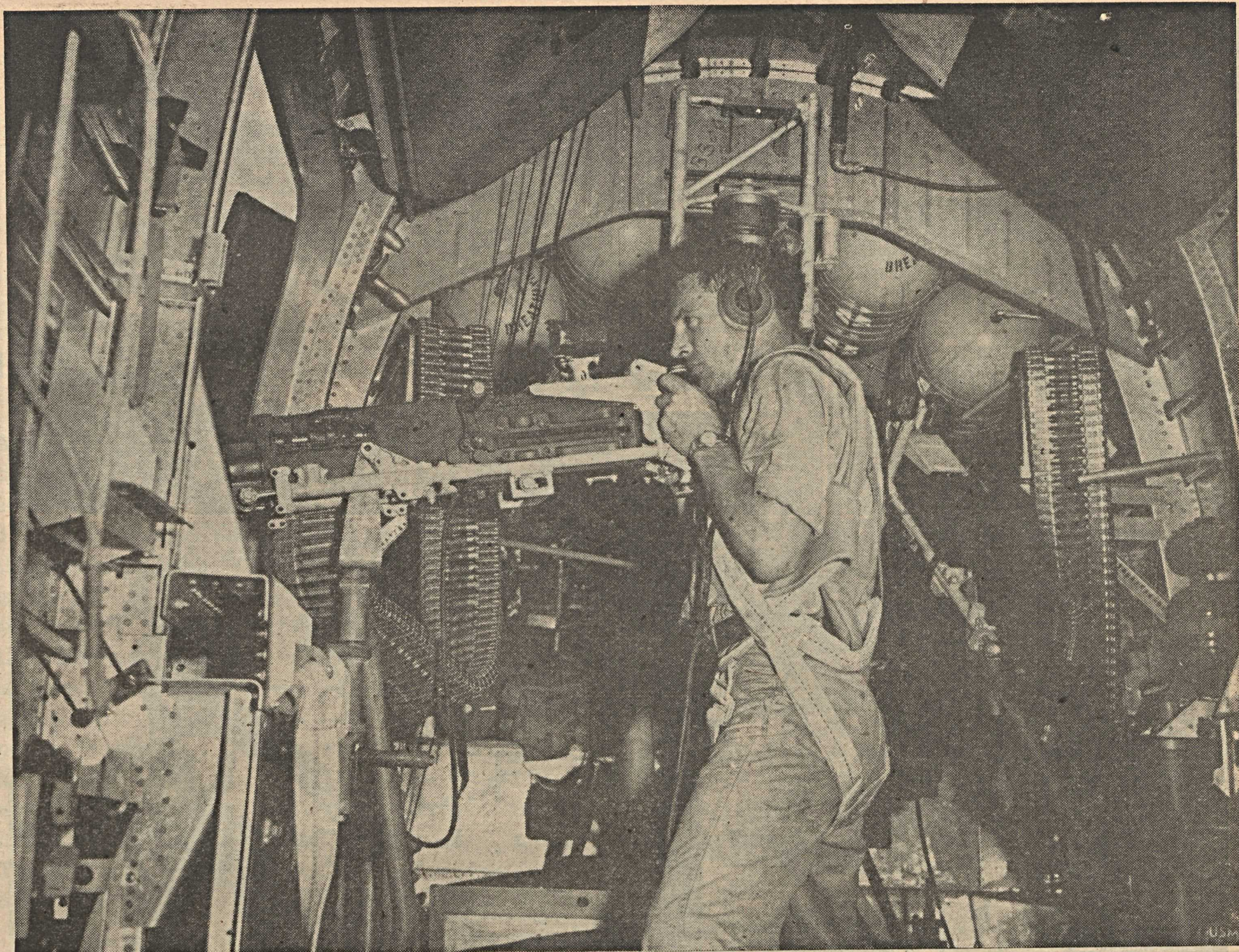


VOL. III  
No. 16  
MARCH 30, 1945









# Peace Is Worth Fighting For

## AN ISSUE OF COPPER COMMANDO

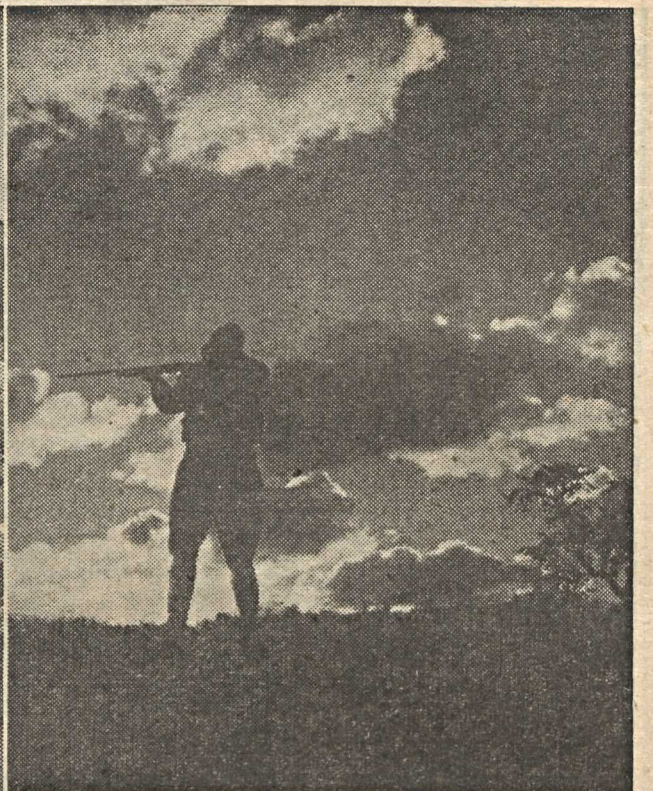
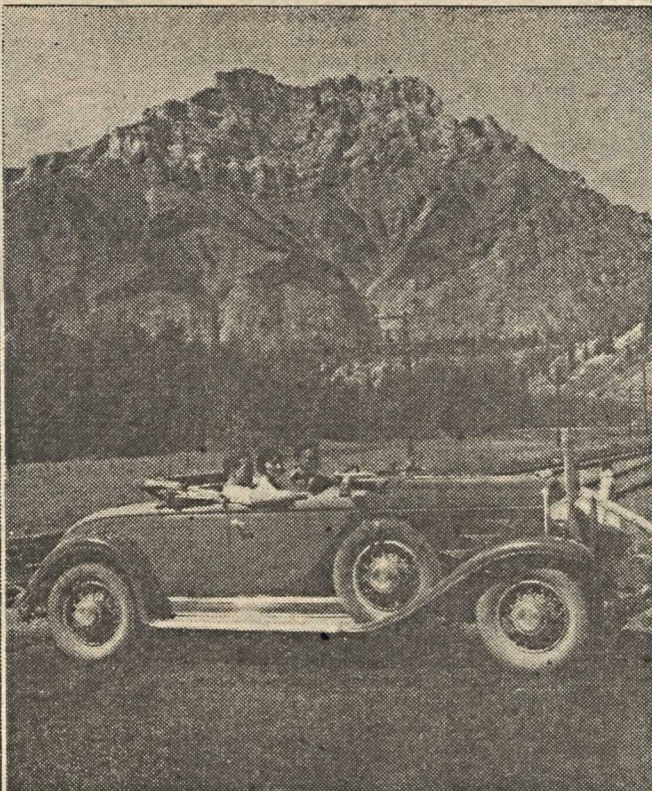
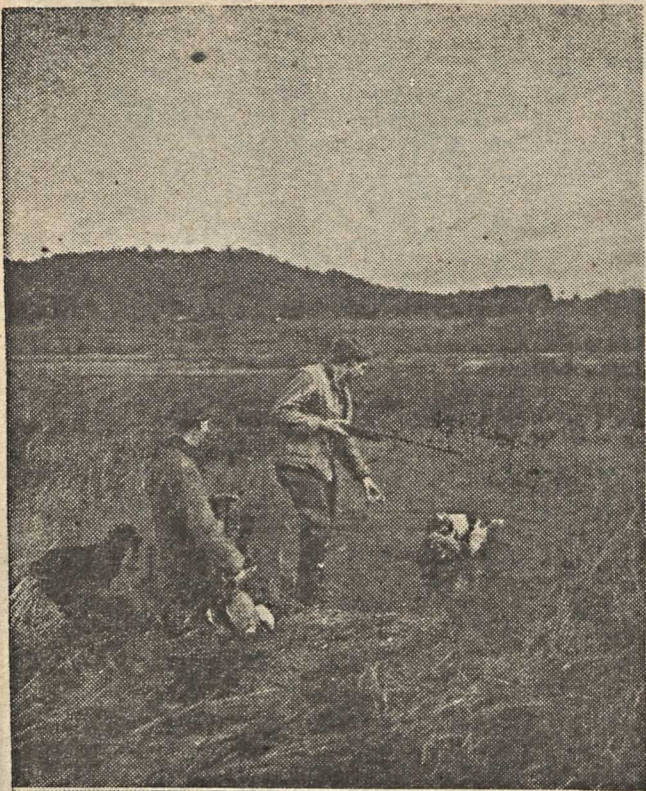
COPPER COMMANDO is the official newspaper of the Victory Labor-Management Production Committees of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and its Union Representatives at Butte, Anaconda, Great Falls and East Helena, Montana. It is issued every two weeks . . . COPPER COMMANDO is headed by a joint committee from Labor and Management, its policies are shaped by both sides and are dictated by neither. . . . COPPER COMMANDO was established at the recommendation of the War Department with the concurrence of the War Production Board. Its editors are Bob Newcomb and Marg Sammons; its safety editor is John L. Boardman; its chief photographer is Al Gusdorf; its staff photographer is Les Bishop . . . Its Editorial Board consists of: Denis McCarthy, CIO; John F. Bird, AFL; Ed Renouard, ACM, from Butte; Dan Byrne, CIO; Joe Marick, AFL; C. A. Lemmon, ACM, from Anaconda; Jack Clark, CIO; Herb Donaldson, AFL, and E. S. Bardwell, ACM, from Great Falls. . . . COPPER COMMANDO is mailed to the home of every employee of ACM in the four locations—if you are not receiving your copy advise COPPER COMMANDO at 112 Hamilton Street, Butte, or better still, drop in and tell us. This is Vol. 3, No. 16.



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Wartime photographs in this issue are from the official files of the War Department and the Navy Department. Peacetime photographs appearing on the front cover, pages 2, 4, and 16 are from R. I. Nesmith and Associates, New York City. Text has been reviewed by the War Department.







## CHAPTER ONE

# This Is What We Had

THIS is the story of a guy we shall call Joe.

Joe isn't anybody in particular; he is every American in general. He is the miner from Butte, the smelterman from Anaconda or Great Falls. He is the carpenter at the phosphate operations at Conda. He is the office worker in one of the plants of the American Brass Company in Connecticut. He is the farmer, the shipyard worker, the railroad trainman, the textile worker, the stevedore. He is the office executive, the engineer, the chemist. He is the soldier, the sailor, the flier, the Marine. He is everybody in this broad land of ours who loves the peace we used to know and who fights today, with his gun, or his hands, or his mind, to return it to what it was. Joe is really America itself. And this is a story about him and what has happened to him. This is the story about what he hopes for and what he is willing to do to gain it.

Joe, being an American, loves freedom. He loves not only the freedom of the air and the mountains and the rivers, but he loves the freedom involved in knowing that he can say what he thinks, believe what he feels, and, so long as he doesn't trample on the rights of others, do pretty much as he pleases.

A paperhanger named Hitler tried to change his thinking for him. It really happened many years ago in a beer hall in Munich, where the man who was later to become the curse of the world got up to preach things the American doesn't believe.

It was Hitler who asked for and got the full and complete obedience of his people. He took over industrial Germany, telling industry that from that day forward the government would have full say. He turned to the working man and told him sharply that he would work so many hours at so much pay, that he had no right of appeal. He told him that if he made too much fuss about it, he would face a firing squad.

Over in the Pacific, another country had been grooming itself along the same lines for years. The military overlords of Japan were building for themselves a dictatorship. Industrial Japan, too, felt the pinch of military dictation. Slowly at first, and then with increasing swiftness, Japanese workers were forced into jobs, to be paid whatever the military felt they were worth.

That didn't go down with Joe, the American. Like any American, he felt it his birthright to be a voice in the government and not a slave to it. He looked at his home, which he had built for himself out of his own earnings. He looked at his garden and his car and the playthings his children had strewn in the yard. These were things that he had provided out of a system of government in which every man has the right to a living.

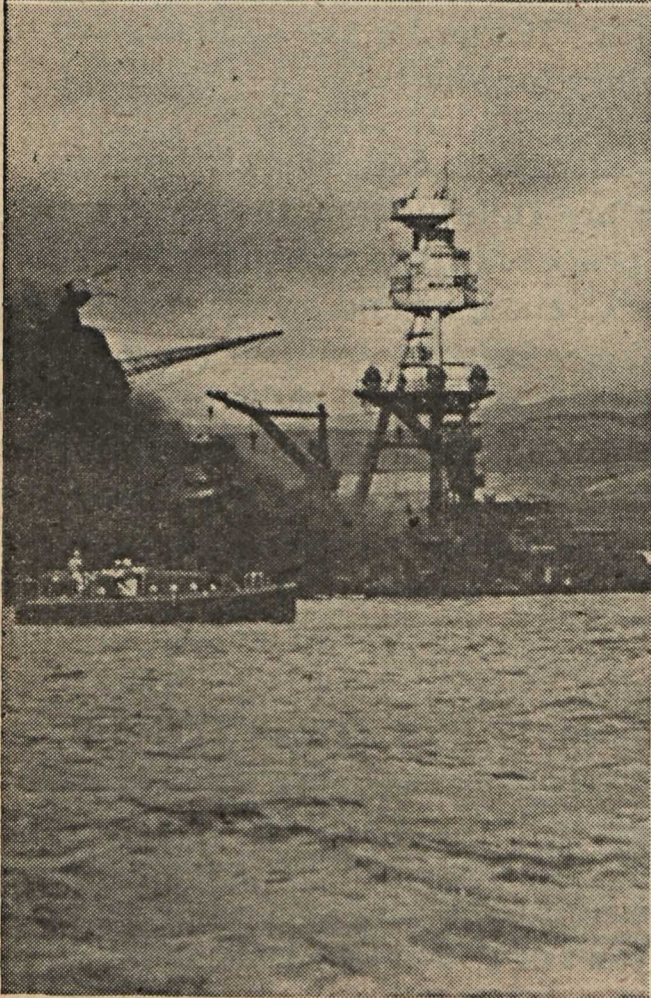
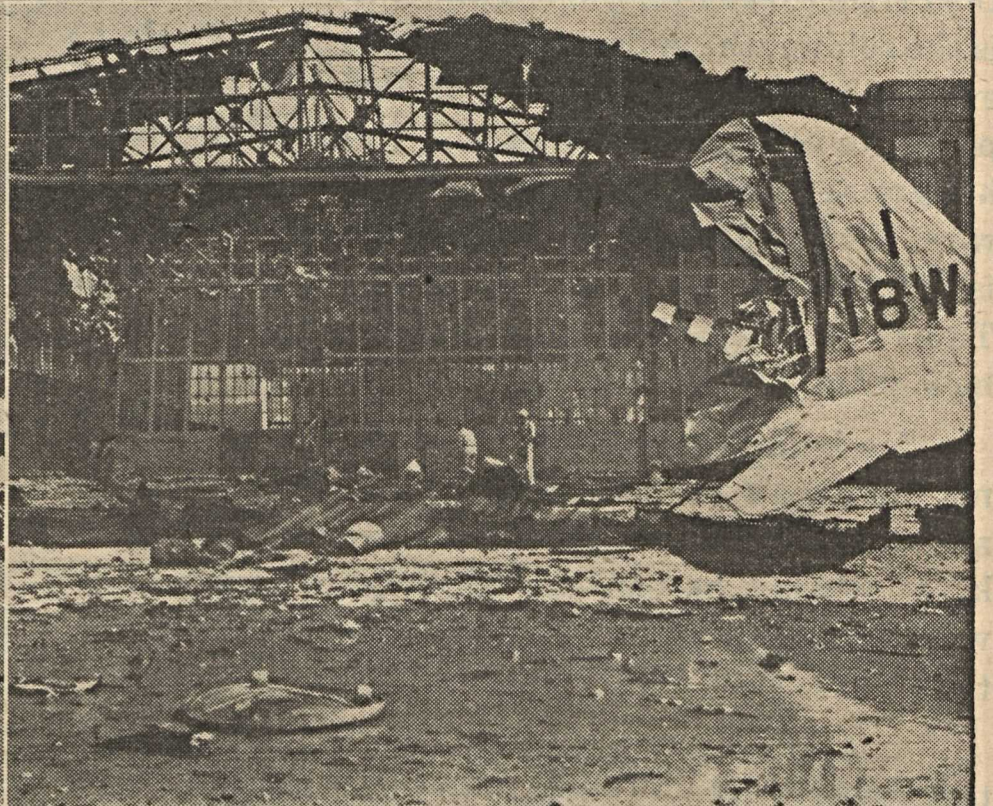
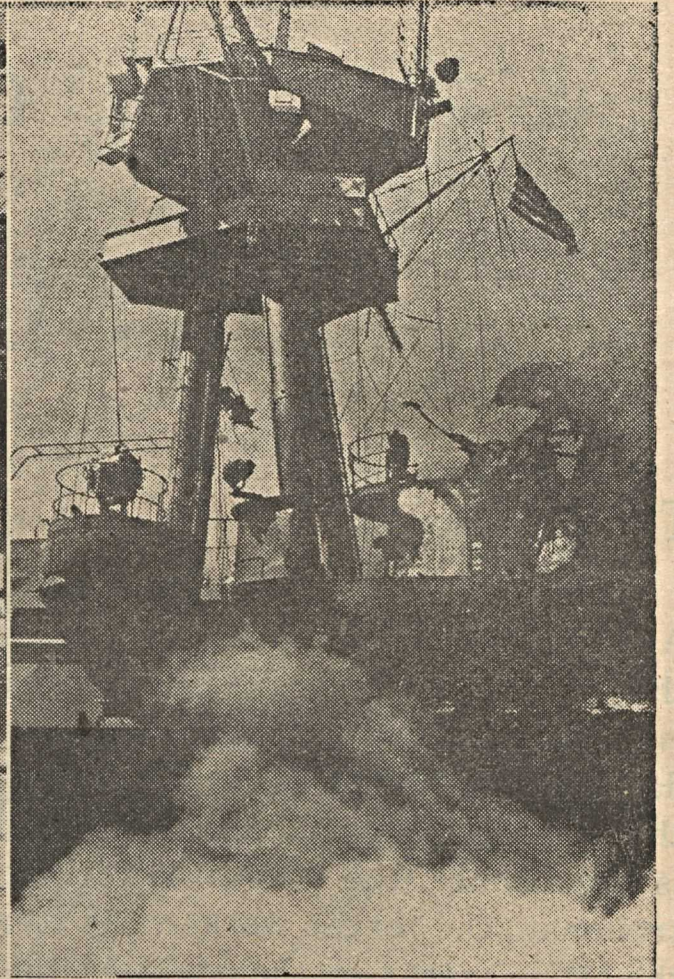
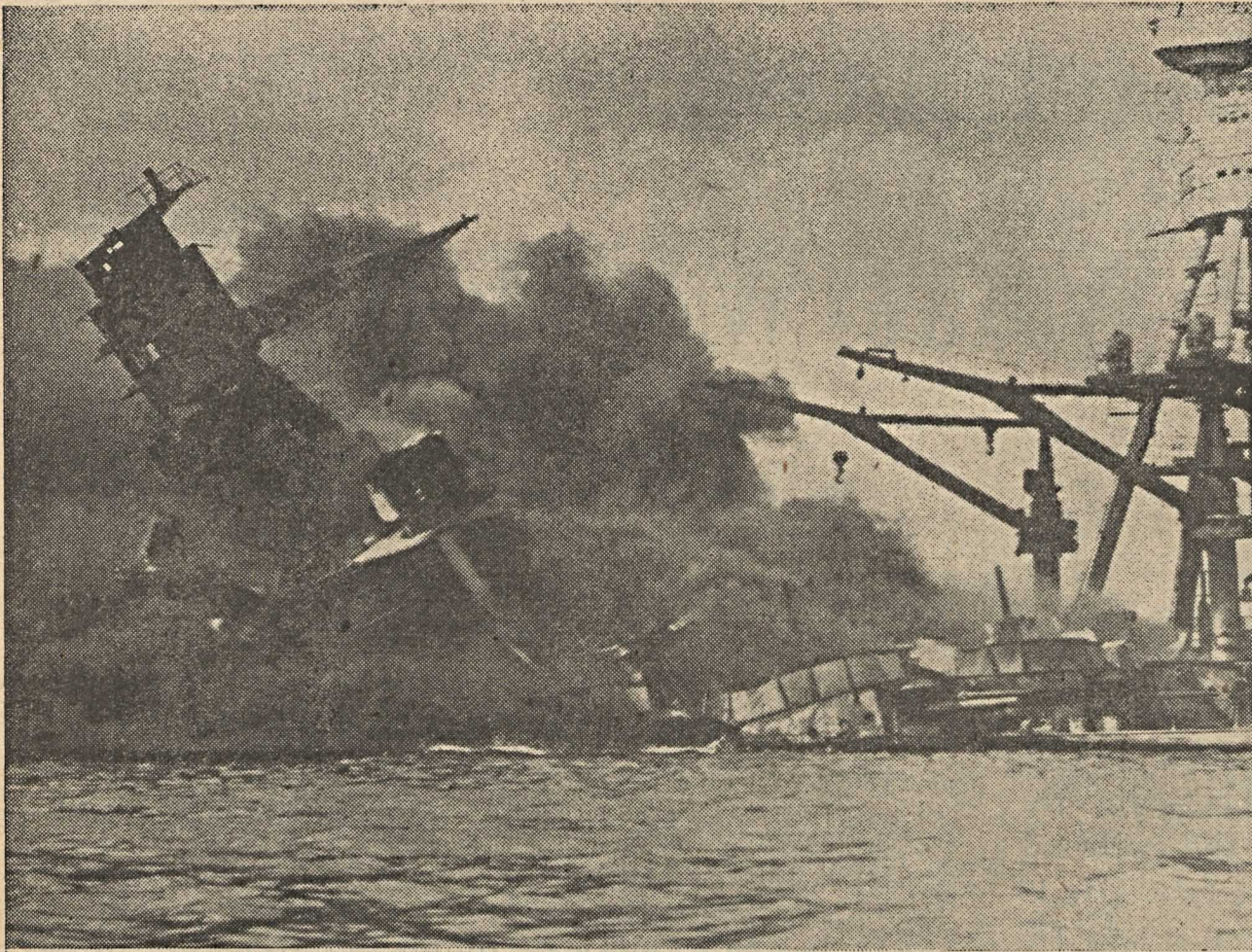
Joe, the American, didn't like to be told where to go and what to do and, most of all, what to think. It was, and still is, his birthright to think as he pleases. Perhaps he felt a little foolish thinking about it, but he sort of tipped his hat to Uncle Sam whenever he thought of him because Uncle Sam represented freedom and opportunity and he felt it was only right that he should acknowledge it. He realized that not everything about this country was A-1 but that, when you stacked it up against the rest of them, it wasn't a bad place at all to live in. To him it was certainly better than most.

Joe, the soldier, marched off to war. Joe, the civilian, stayed home. Yet they formed a team, for the soldier could not shoot a bullet unless he had the bullets made for him on the home front. He could not fly a plane or operate a tank unless he had the tools to work with. It was Joe the civilian's job to provide these things for him.

Joe, the soldier, and Joe, the civilian, have fought for, and are fighting for, the same thing. It is peace. And peace to both of them is represented by the freedoms of thought and speech and movement that they knew before. And it is represented by a lot of little things like the right to hunt and fish and sit around a campfire, like raising a few chickens or planting a garden. Like painting the kitchen or building something. Or maybe like electing somebody to office you respect and want, or listening to the radio programs you like and turning off those you don't. Or dropping in on friends for a visit where you can talk about the things that interest you without fearing that some agent of Hitler is outside the window.

All that doesn't add up completely to peace. But for Joe, who is you and you and you, it should serve,







## CHAPTER TWO

# This Is What Happened To Us

WE all know that the incident which hurled us into the war was the attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

Joe was one of the guys sitting by his radio after Sunday dinner who heard the news leap out of the radio. He was one of the millions who sat for a moment numbed by the announcement that our forces at Pearl Harbor had been attacked without warning.

He remembered that, back in Washington, two Japanese diplomats named Nomura and Kurusu had been deep in conferences with Secretary of State Hull. The Jap emissaries had assured our country that the Japanese wanted above all to keep peace with the United States. They talked glibly about international friendships. They apologized deeply for "accidents" which had resulted in the deaths of Americans. They expressed regret over incidents in China which had resulted in the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of innocent Chinese. For two years or more we had been disposing of scrap metal to the Japs, all in an effort to hold the peace if possible.

But when the attack at Pearl Harbor came, Joe knew and all of America knew that this sneak attack launched us into the middle of the world's greatest war. Joe had suspected for a long time that there was no turning back, that the die had long since been cast whereby we would be in it.

We had only a small Army and Navy so far as personnel was concerned. There was a thin backlog of trained men but for the most part, our fighting men were all novices. The Army and the Navy were training fighting men as fast as they could, but they had a long way to go and very little time to do it. Years before we had decommissioned much of our Navy; our ship building program was only barely under way again. The Japs unleashed a deadly blow at Pearl Harbor. Joe never quite understood, and perhaps he never will, just why the Japs didn't follow up that drive with a smash against our West Coast. We had little of the fleet available; our coastal areas were badly fortified and an air assault followed by a land invasion would have seemed the logical thing for the Japs to launch.

But the Japs mounted their Pacific offensive quickly. They lashed away at British and Dutch and American possessions and took them with very little trouble. Only a handful of positions were maintained for any length of time and even these fell too quickly.

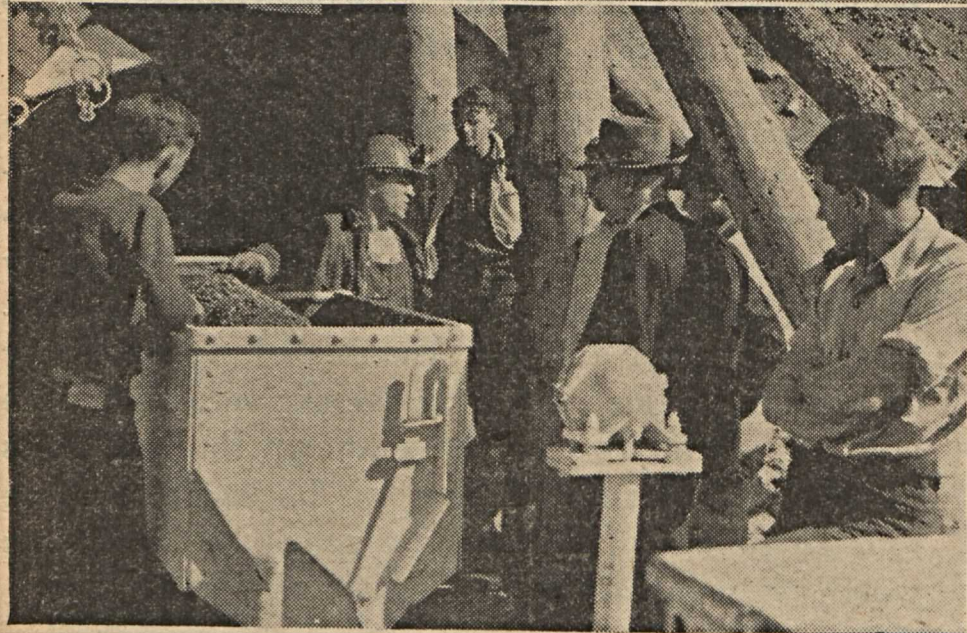
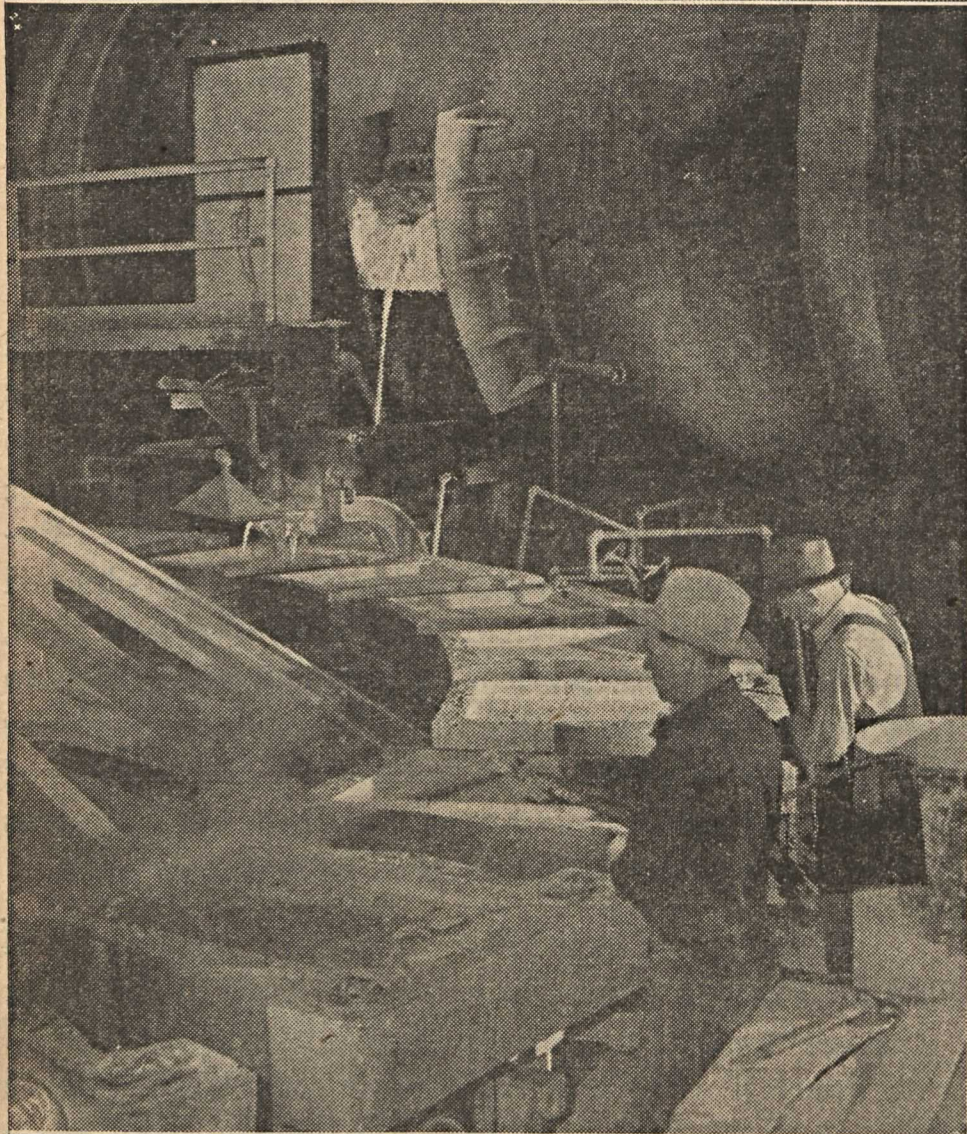
Joe was stunned by the swiftness with which the Japs attacked and conquered. Places we had regarded as military and naval strongholds toppled like tenpins. The Japs took many prisoners and killed many more without mercy. The swords were drawn with the other Axis powers which leaped to the side of their Nip partner. In a matter of hours we were at war with Germany and Italy and other smaller countries. The war was really on now and Joe knew it.

People grew grim over the atrocity stories that filtered out of the Pacific. There were not many at first, because all that followed a new, sweeping Jap conquest was sickening, deadly silence. Joe had yet to hear details of the brutal Death March from Bataan; that orgy of cruelty and bloodshed was locked in the hearts and minds of those men who were in it, and it was many months before the handful who escaped were able to tell their horrible story to the world. Joe was still taking his mental measure of the enemy, still trying to figure him out. He was only a few hours into war, and he was new at it.

The story of Pearl Harbor has never been told in full. There has been much said of strife between the services, of neglect in the high command, both at Pearl Harbor and in Washington. There have been investigations; names have been called and accusations hurled back and forth.

Whatever it was, and whatever it may prove to be, Joe knows that the attack at Pearl Harbor represented the greatest slur ever cast upon his country. It made him fighting mad. He probably glanced back through his photo album and saw pictures of himself and his friends fishing or riding or hunting or just enjoying themselves. When he shut his album he must have known that all of us needed at that time to turn our backs upon peace and go to war. Because the peace he knew was worth fighting for to regain.







## CHAPTER THREE

# This Is What We Did

PEARL HARBOR brought the challenge right out into the open and Joe knew it. He saw his own community, wherever he was, spring to life. He saw people become intensely warminded and line up together to beat the enemy.

And then Joe started to see an industrial miracle. He saw the ranks of industry and the ranks of organized labor say to themselves: "Let's put our shoulders together and get this war won."

At mines, at mills and smelters, in shipyards and factories all over the country Joe saw labor and management teaming it up in terms of Labor-Management Production Committees. The Joe you know in Montana saw these committees take shape there as the first in the entire non-ferrous metals industry. He saw the representatives of company management and of organized labor sit down around the table together in harmony, all shooting in the direction of getting the war won through all-out production.

Actually Joe knew that the wartime work of the miner, for example, didn't differ from his peacetime work. But Joe knew that, while the mines' production in peacetime went into electrical communication and cars and refrigerators and home fixtures, now it was going into shells and tanks and planes and guns. It was the same product, Joe knew—it came out of the ground in the same way and was loaded into the same cars and went over the same route to the Smelters, but war made it different and war made copper more important, much more important.

At the Smelter at Anaconda, Joe saw the giant furnaces spewing forth greater quantities of copper than before. He watched the copper ladled out into anodes, watched the anodes leave for the Reduction Works at Great Falls, where they were unloaded from freight cars and put through further refining processes, and then hurried along to the fabricating mills for conversion into military equipment. Joe knew that at the mills of The American Brass Company, his Montana metals were starting to war.

Joe saw men come from outside, to engage in mining, to do their part too. The miner and the smelterman went to the forefront of the production

line and they are still there. Behind the scenes, in the offices, men and women took care of the vast administrative and clerical tasks required to keep copper production at full speed for Uncle Sam.

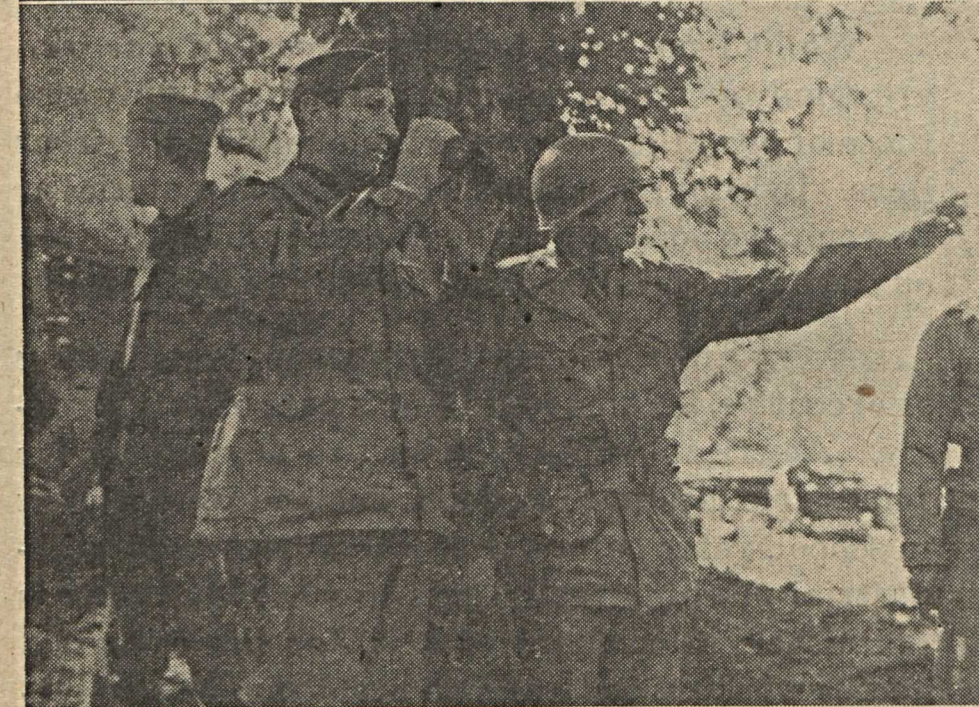
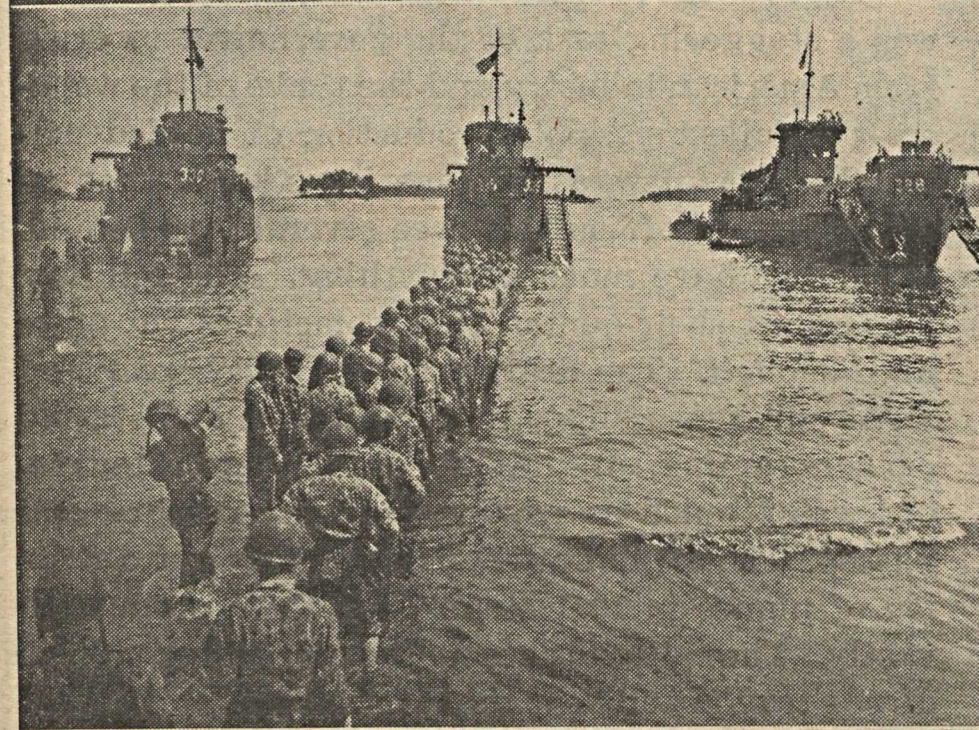
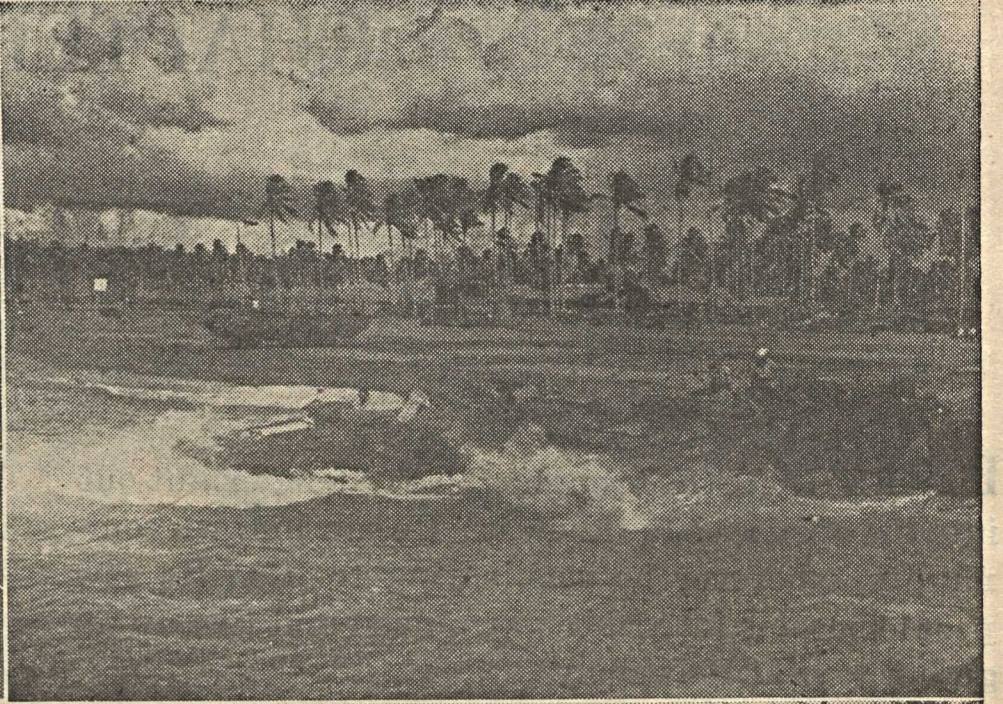
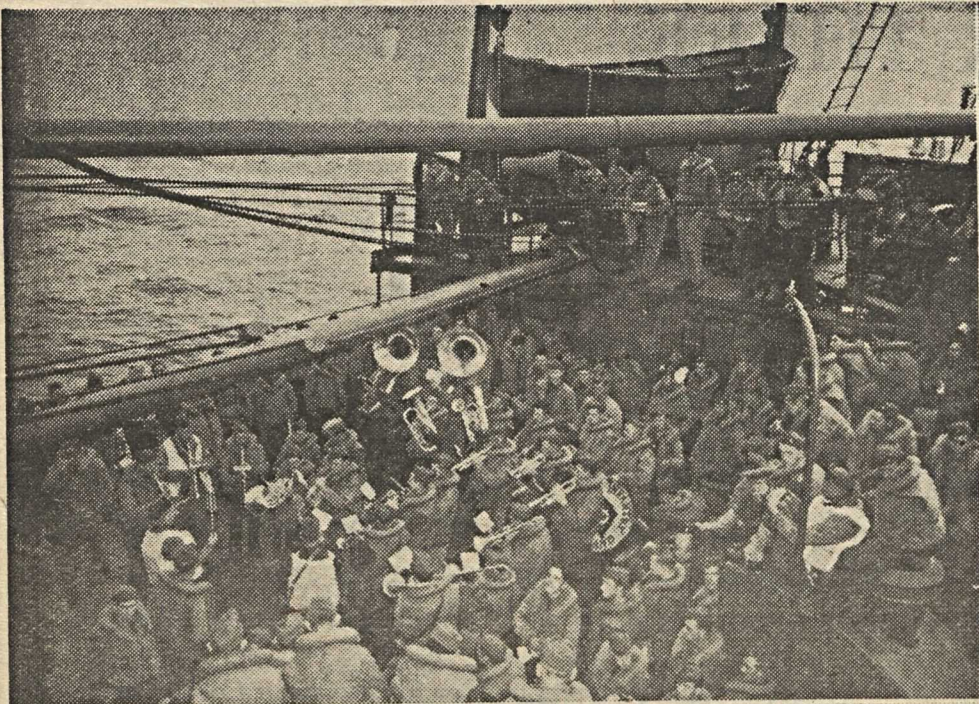
All over the country, the score was the same. It was a staggering task of the government to draw from American industry and the ranks of the workers the fullest possible production of needed materials. Joe knew, as all Americans knew, that we were starting off on this race several laps behind. We didn't have much of anything. The military leaders set their quotas high, sometimes not quite high enough. The draft went into high gear and able-bodied men slipped into uniforms and started off for training. In the shipyards, record after record was toppled as new quotas were reached and passed. The airplane factories turning out a dribble of planes in 1941 stepped up their production vastly. The railroads ate up the staggering volume of war traffic and kept the cars rolling.

We had not only to keep abreast of our own great military requirements; we had to supply also those of our allies who were then holding the front lines. By supplying them with as much material as we could we bought precious time in which to bring our own industrial machine into high gear.

Every American, native or foreign born, worker or executive, became overnight a part of this struggle. American industry, asked to accomplish the impossible, hastened to do it. Joe had learned back in school, years before, that when the American industrial machine really gets to wheeling, there is no miracle to compare with it. Joe saw industrial genius working out wartime problems; he saw millions of American workers dig in to carry their end of the job.

All of this was necessary before the planes could fly or the tanks roll. Meanwhile the Nazis moved on. Meanwhile the Nips made invasion after invasion. Every day the war score looked blacker. Every fresh headline brought its new horrors. But industrial America had awakened, and Joe knew it. The mighty American war machine was getting ready to roll, thanks to those in democracy's industrial army who knew wars cannot be won by words.







## CHAPTER FOUR

# This Is Where We Went

IT was almost two years before Joe saw the tide of battle finally start to swing slowly our way. During those long anxious months, many mothers and fathers saw their sons march off, many wives said goodbye to their husbands not knowing when, if ever, they would see them again.

Every inch of island in the Pacific, lost so easily, had to be bought back at terrific cost. Guadalcanal taken on August 7, 1942, was a bloody sample; a little over a year later, on November 20, we paid a high price for Tarawa. We inched our way across the Pacific, and while the Pacific tide has been stemmed and turned now in our favor, Joe still sees the war's end quite a distance away.

Our supply problem in the Pacific theatre was staggering. Our supplies had to be flown in to Chinese bases. Our ship supply lines extended over countless miles. Our armed forces in the Pacific fought viciously for just a toe-hold. Joe knew that American production was not able to supply the full needs of our forces in the Pacific, that the main weight of supplies was headed across the Atlantic. Yet we had two wars and not one to fight.

Invasion talk was on every tongue. Joe heard a lot of it and he talked about it a lot himself. There was a great clamour for opening a second front. The armchair strategist, weighted down with his maps, couldn't understand why we didn't move into the European continent. Joe himself got a little impatient because the top military authorities kept postponing the hour. But it should have been clear to Joe then, as it is to him now, that our commanders did not want to risk a landing on the continent unless we were certain that we could sustain it. Then last year, when everything was ready, we landed our forces on the shores of France. There were many heartaches in connection with the early days of the invasion. It was not a steamroller operation—it went slowly for a time, then picked up speed and finally lightning struck us last December. Along with other Americans, Joe had figured that the Nazis were reeling badly under the blows we had dealt. But when we had extended ourselves so far, Hitler's army doubled his fist and handed us a haymaker. At first Joe found it hard to believe that we had been stopped cold in our tracks and then he was

amazed to discover that we were yielding ground. The offensive came to a standstill. The invasion of Italy went slowly.

Aided by Lend-Lease and given new life by its own amazing production, Russia coiled for another spring at the Nazis from the East. Joe, like all Americans, watched in pleased amazement as the Stalin juggernaut ground its way toward the gates of Berlin.

Civilian Joe and his fellow-workers were delighted with the return of MacArthur to the Philippines, with the conquering of Iwo Jima, with the pastings of Berlin and Tokyo. But they don't finish wars.

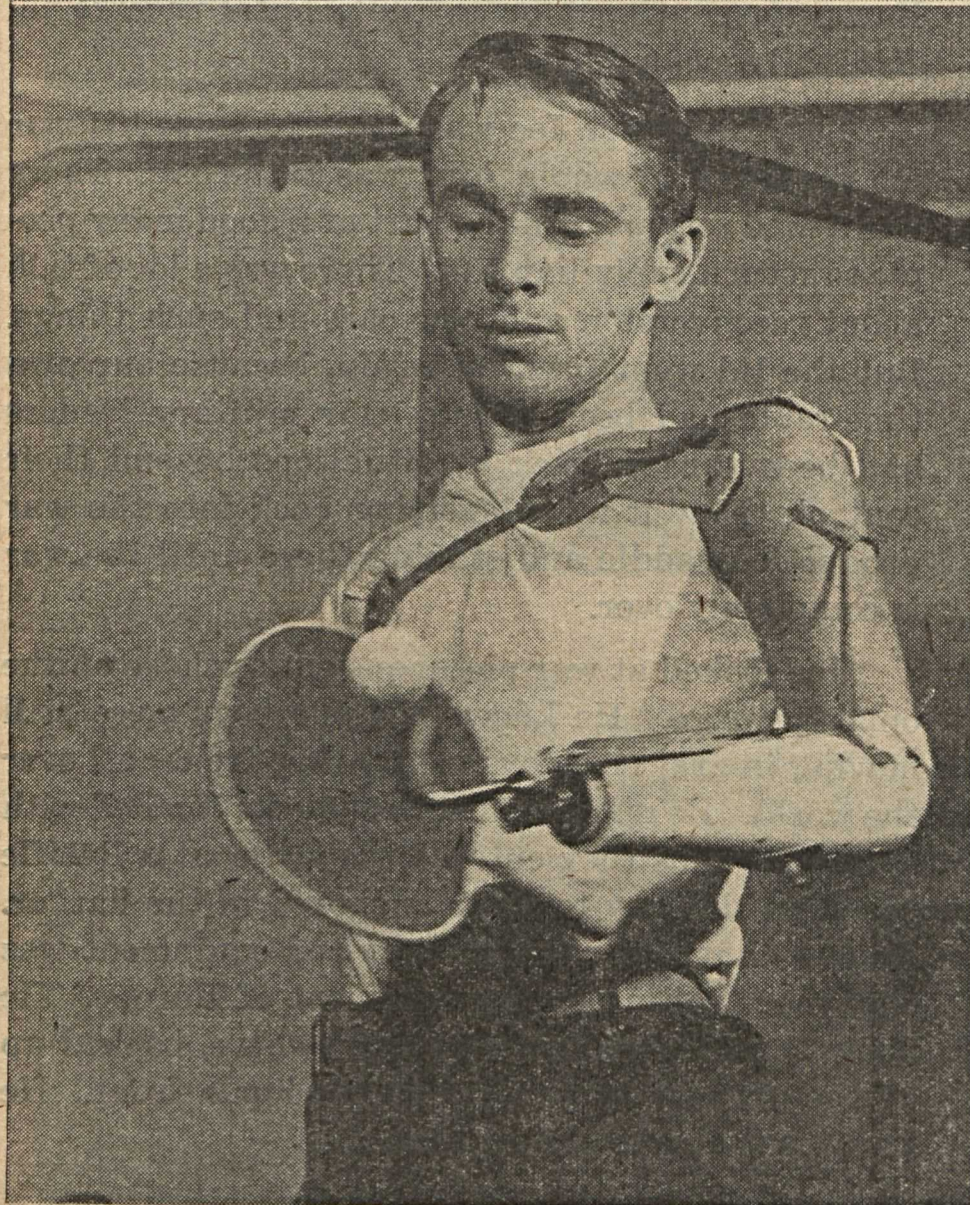
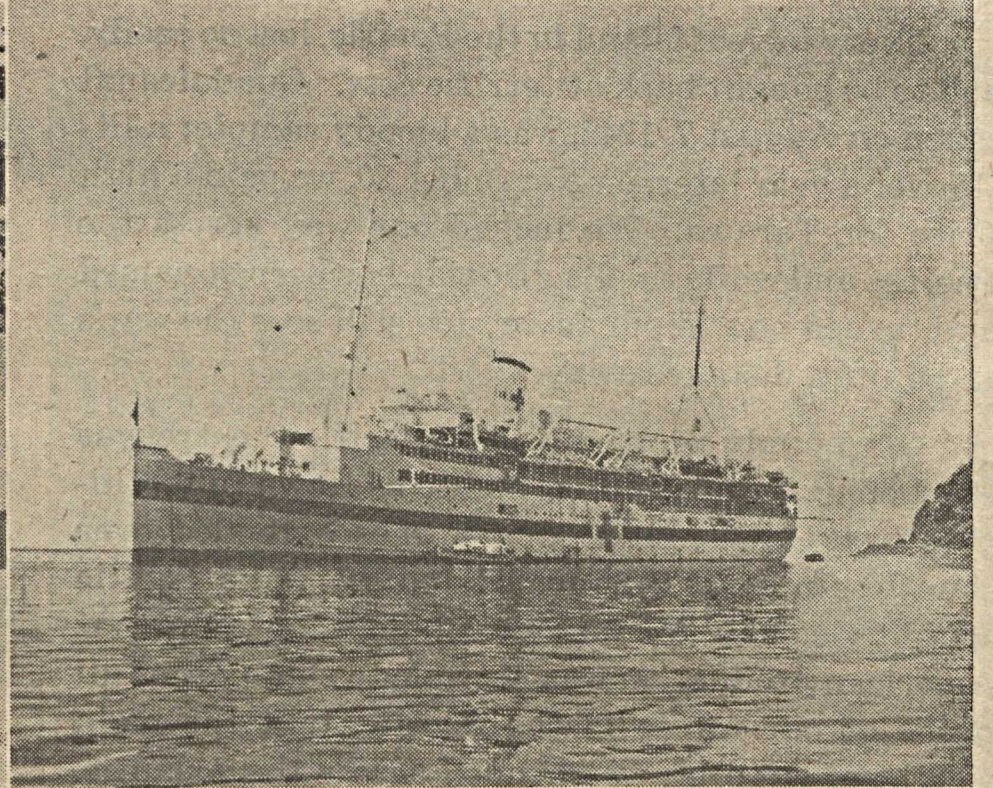
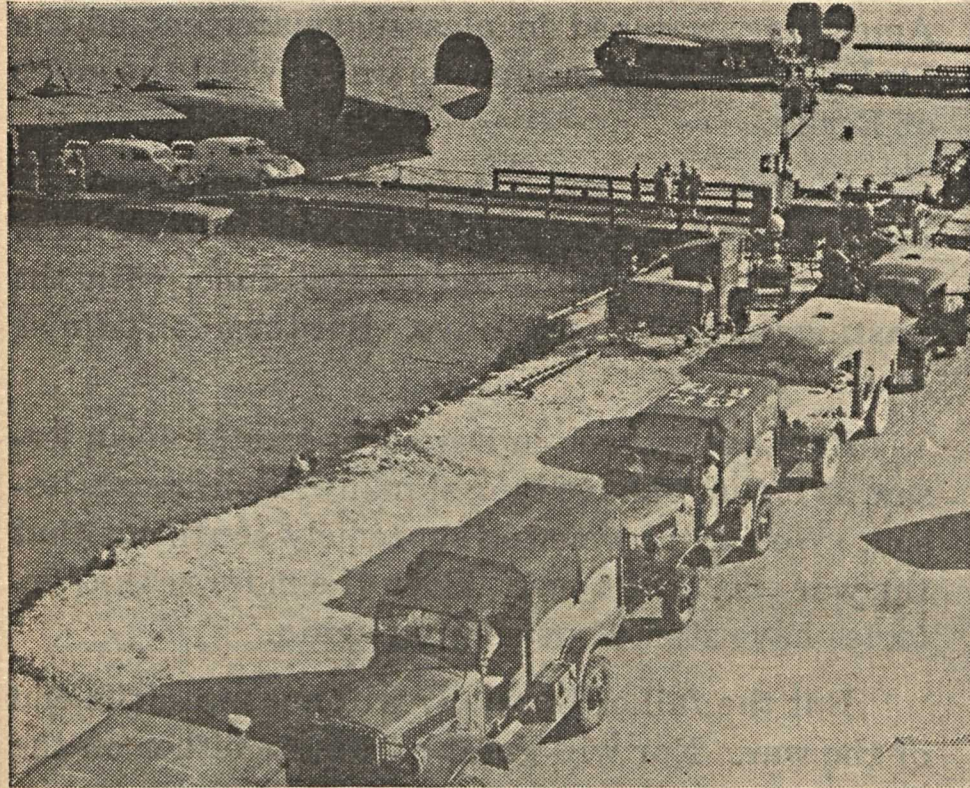
But that setback in December taught Joe a lesson, as it should have taught many Americans a lesson. We had become too supremely confident that the war was about over. Even the more recent victories have started us singing again.

But the fall of Germany will not mean the end of the war. Nor will great conquests either on the European continent or in the Pacific theatre individually mean much.

Last December Joe was ready to leave his war job, figuring the whole thing was in the bag. There was a mad scramble on the part of a good many people to return to civilian life. There was a lot of talk about reconversion and new cars and such things. But the lid went back on again, because our own time-table had been upset. Our military leaders had been thrown back by situations beyond their control. Now it meant getting back into the war production saddle and staying there until the war is completely over.

Joe looked at war pictures such as those on the opposite page. He knew that our boys were still moving in great convoys to fighting fronts all over the world. He marvelled at the "ducks" loaded with ammunition as they entered the water at a Pacific beach on the way to ships anchored in the harbor. He saw that American mechanized equipment was once more rolling on the continent of Europe. He knew that Americans were everywhere, backed up by the production soldiers on the home front. He knew that he was one of these.







## CHAPTER FIVE

# This Is What We Face

THIS war is going to be over some day. Joe knows it and so do we all. Even the men themselves, fighting this fight all over the world, know that some day, sooner or later, peace is going to be declared. For many of them, though, the time seems years away.

Joe, the soldier, knows what Joe, the war production worker, has done and is doing. He respects the fact that the vast majority of American workers have stayed on the job, producing the materials without which Joe, the soldier, could not fight.

Then there is the Joe, middle-aged civilian with a son or two in the war, who wonders just how soon he is going to see his boys again. He wonders too how they will be, how they will look and feel, and what they will think about. Probably he, being the father, is better prepared to face that portion of our future than most. One thing he wants the country to understand is that, with the collapse of Germany to which all of us are looking forward, there will be no wholesale discharge of fighting men. He knows that a percentage will be discharged because the Pacific war may not require so many fighting men. But he knows also that the chances are excellent for a great many men from the European war to be transferred to the Pacific theatre for the final mop up of Japan. That means that fighting men will pass across the country from one ocean to the other, stopping (it is hoped) for a few hours or a few days at their homes. This is a gloomy picture for Joe, the father.

What concerns him most is what we face, and that is the veteran himself. War may have done much to him, to make him mentally mature and perhaps to make him less physically capable. For the wounded are coming back to us, to seek to fit themselves into a normal peacetime life. It is the part of every civilian Joe, and Joe knows it, to make sure that all these men figure the costs of war were not too great for the comforts of the peace they will have won for us.

The butchery of men in a war like this is beyond description. The casualty is not only the man who drops suddenly in his tracks never to breathe again,

but the man who loses a limb or an eye. These tragedies cannot be avoided in war, and Joe knows it.

But because he knows these things may happen to his son, he has bucked himself and his wife up, and bucked their friends up with assurances that there is no medical care superior to that given our fighting men. He knows that the toll in World War I was much greater, in proportion, than this war will be. For the greatest brains of medical science have been at work to provide for our sick and wounded the best in medical history.

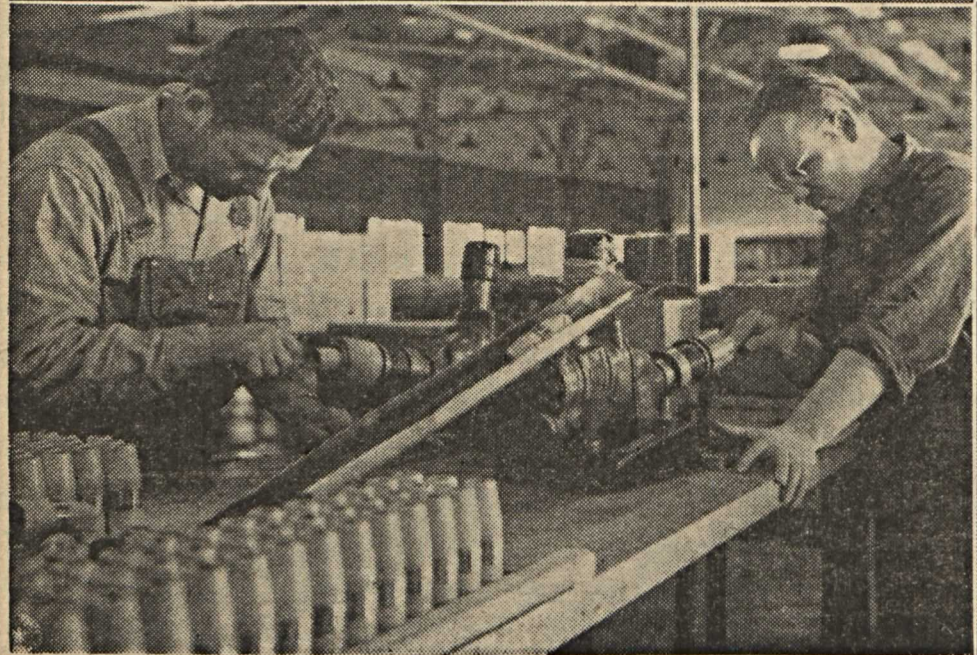
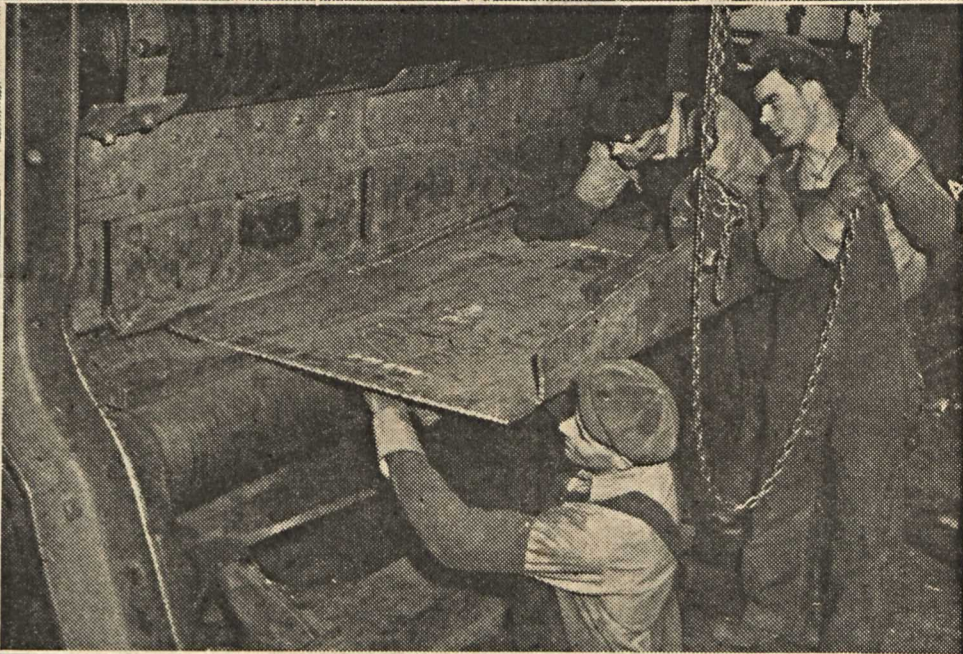
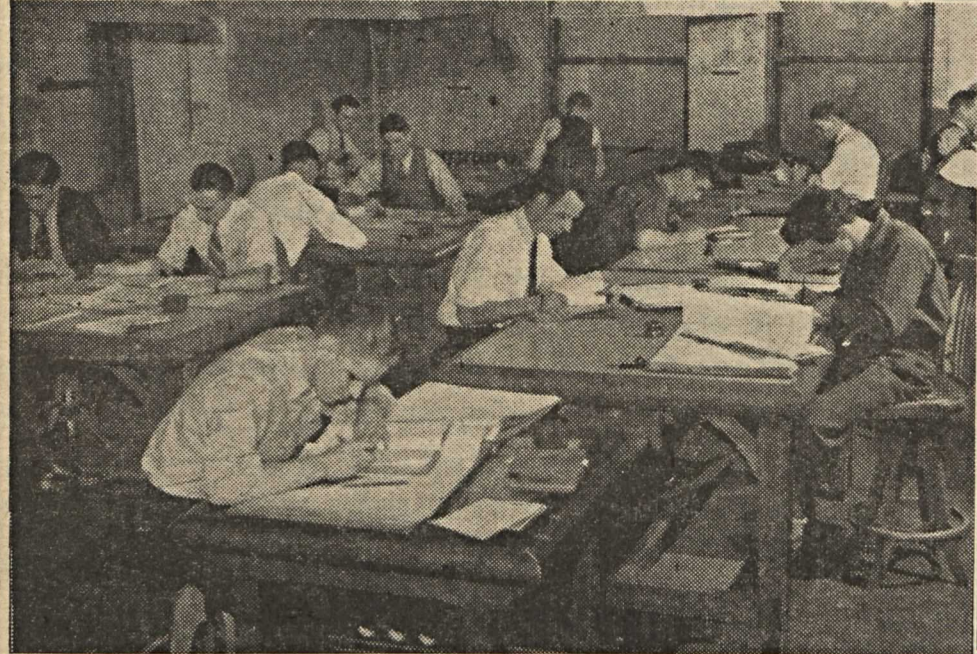
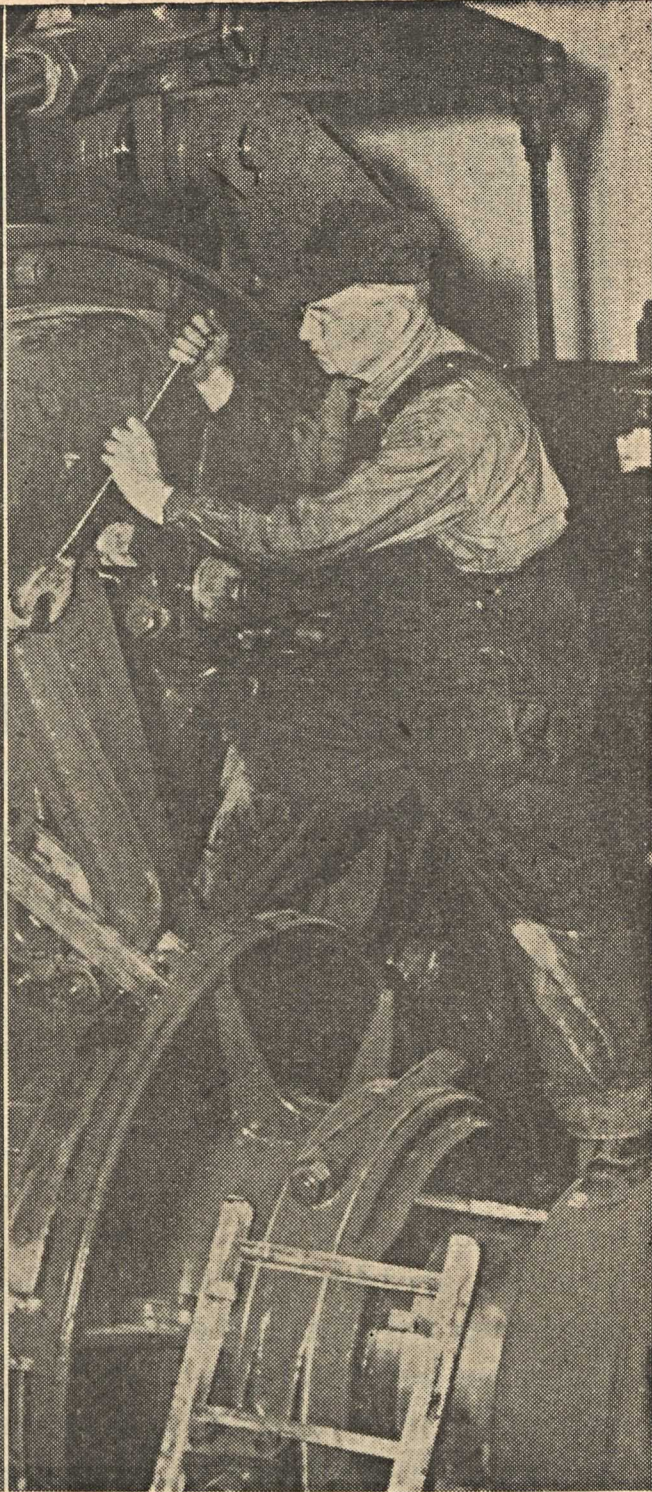
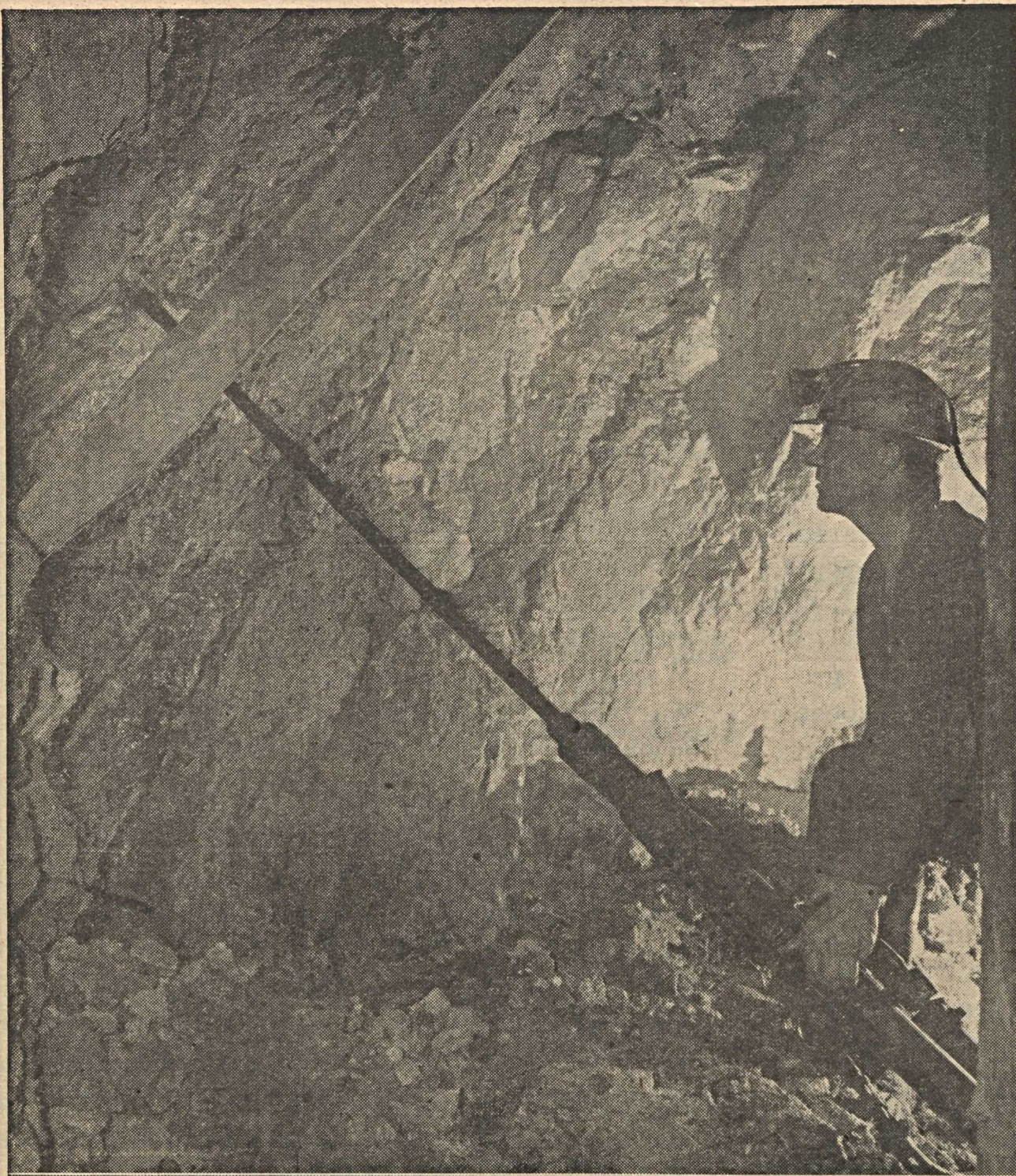
Our disabled fighting men are transported from fields of operation as quickly and as comfortably as possible. The Medical Corps of our services has a vast network of ambulances, trucks, hospital ships, planes and personnel. Today disabled soldiers who need medical attention in this country are often flown right to leading American hospitals for proper care. The Navy's hospital ships operate close to scenes of action, ready to take aboard the wounded and care for them.

Joe knows that at the great Walter Reed General Hospital at Washington, D. C., and its Forest Glen Convalescent Center wounded or disabled veterans are being restored to useful civilian life and work.

Joe looked closely at the two pictures at the bottom of the opposite page and was amazed to learn that in each case these former soldiers were being restored to useful civilian life by occupational therapy. He knows that, for dress occasions, the Army provides an artificial hand painted to match the man's own skin tones, with flexible finger joints.

Joe, being an American, is smart enough to know that once the war is over great changes face us all. For we have been compelled in this country to yield up a great share of our young men. Joe knows that many of them, and he hopes all of them, will return safe and sound. But he knows that many of these men have matured under fire, that they have grown older under pressure of war. He wants them to have the full fruits of peacetime when they return from the battle fronts where they fought for him. That means no pity, no stupid or maudlin tears. It means that our fighting men must have an honest chance at good jobs, assuring them of security and their own self-respect.







## CHAPTER SIX

# This Is What It Takes

THERE is no hope of peace, or much of anything else, until the enemy lays down his gun. We are fighting to assure ourselves that no such catastrophe as this can ever overtake our country again.

The optimists might tell Joe that the war is in its last stages now. That it is only a matter of a short time before the governments at Berlin and Tokio will wave the white flag and cry surrender.

But we have dealt with these liars and cheats before. Joe remembers the promises Hitler made to Chamberlain; Joe remembers the pledges made to Secretary Hull by Nomura and Kurusu. Joe, being an American who is used to giving his word and keeping it, doesn't take any stock in their pledges and promises.

Whether this shall be a harsh or an easy peace, Joe doesn't know. But he does have in the back of his mind the knowledge that for cruelty and horror nothing can match what the Nazis have done to the people of Poland, to the inhabitants of Lidice and Lublin. He remembers the Death March from Bataan and the merciless beatings and killings of Americans.

But before Joe is ready to talk peace, he knows we must see an end to the war. He knows what that involves. Whether he is Joe, the employer, or Joe, the employee, he knows that this country cannot even start rebuilding itself until the war is finished. He knows that people are irked by governmental controls, by rationing, by a million and one irritating little things that make civilian life uncomfortable. But he knows too that for all the inconveniences to which civilians are put, a fighting man can add a thousand more.

So he is determined not to plan for tomorrow until he is through with today.

Joe knows that the heads of the Army and the Navy, through the War Production Board, have appealed to him, as an American worker, to give everything he's got to the war program until the war is over. That's an appeal to Joe, the miner, busy in the stope with his buzzie. It's an appeal to Joe, the machinist, who must keep hoist installations in perfect order. It's an appeal to smeltermen and craftsmen. It's an appeal to the men in engineering de-

partments, in offices all over, for these Joes are on the job too.

Our Army and Navy commanders pass their appeal along to the men who use our copper to make shells. Joe knows that in ordnance plants all over the country the copper he produces is being used to turn out an incredible number of cartridges and shells which are used against our enemies. Joe, the civilian, is only one of the millions who is irritated by controls over his life. This is not, to him, the democratic way. He believes that a man should come and go and move freely, without restraints. But he is also sensible enough to know that wars are won only through the united effort of the people. He knows that an army without teamwork is always the losing army. So he realizes that a country without teamwork stands to lose the war.

And he knows too that the reason for the early successes of the Nazis and the Japs was that all people under their flags are actually slaves of the government. Were Germany to win, its people would continue to be slaves of the government, and we would be its slaves as well.

So what Joe, the soldier, and Joe, the civilian, are really fighting for is a return to the peace we used to know, broadened perhaps by the great human experiences of the last few years.

But in the meantime the war has still to be won. Nobody needs to tell that to the soldier or the flier or the Marine—they are there slugging it out, and they know. They know that they can't come home until it's all over and settled, so they look to us on the war production front to speed the means by which they can return to their homes.

Joe knows that his Uncle Sam is not giving him a pep talk. He's smart enough to know that Uncle is talking for his own good — he's bright enough to understand that we can't count the score until the game is over.

Of course, you don't need to tell the father or the mother or wife of a service man any of this. They understand it. They are constantly reminded by the flag in the window, the empty chair at the kitchen table, and the bed upstairs that's never slept in.





## CONCLUSION

# THIS IS WHY

YES, peace is worth fighting for. Joe, the American, deep in his heart, knows it. He doesn't need to be told and he doesn't need to read newspapers or magazines or listen to the radio to convince him.

But what Joe, the American, and that means all of us, is sometimes apt to forget is that we've got to keep fighting for peace in order to achieve it. Joe, the civilian, can't set aside his tools on the war production front any more than Joe, the soldier, can cast aside his machine gun and walk off the battlefield before the thing is ended.

This is why all Joes everywhere have to stay with the job they've got until the peace is won. It's a hard task for the fighting man; he risks his neck twenty-four hours a day. He lives in constant discomfort. He's far away from home and lonely and homesick and tired as hell of this whole thing.

It's hard too on the civilian Joe whose industry suffers, as many do today, from shortages of men. As Uncle Sam sees it, that simply throws an added burden on the home front worker. In order to help speed the day of final victory and to help get the boys back, he's asked to give just a little bit more.

That's the cost of peace to us. It's worth it.

